The Weekly Museum.

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The Impiety of murmuring againſt Providence, demonſtrated in

THE HISTORY OF LEONTINE.

THE murmurs of mankind againſt the degrees of Omnipotence are as unjuſt as they are impious. Reſignation to the will of his Creator in the duty of every human being, who by preſuming to cenſure the unequal diſtribution of good and evil in this world, diſcovers a weak head, or a depraved heart; ſometimes both.

Short ſighted as we are, how childiſh are our complaints, how abſurd are our repinings! repinings and complaints into which we ſurely ſhould never fall, did we ſeriouſly reflect on the infinite and amazing viciſſitudes in human affairs, did we conſider that the ſevereſt afflictions, according to our haſty apprehenſions, are often eventually the moſt ſubſtantial bleſſings.

Againſt the degrees of Omnipotence I once murmured myſelf. The unequal diſtribution of good and evil in this world, I once cenſured—I repined at the ſight of beings in a more proſperous ſituation, and complained of my own hard fate in the bittereſt terms. I am now in another, in a better frame of mind, and ſincerely hoping that many of my diſcontented fellow-creatures may be rendered otherwiſe by reading the following narrative, written with the pen of experience, I beg the favor of you to give it a paſſport to the public

I was born to the inheritance of a ſmall paternal eſtate, the income ariſing from which would, in this age of luxury and diſſipation, be reckoned a trifling one. Little, however, as it was I could not hope to ſee it increaſed as I was not, being an only and a fondled child, with a tender conſtitution, bred up to any buſineſs, though I received a very good education.

Having loſt my father and mother as ſoon as my education was finiſhed, I could not help thinking that what had ſerved us all three, would undoubtedly, be ſufficient for me alone; eſpecially as I looked upon my orphan ſituation in a deſponding light, and had no deſire to live in an expenſive manner.

So violent was my grief, ſo deep was my affliction, on being deprived of my parents, that I gave myſelf up to deſpair, and accuſed heaven of cruelty for snatching them away from me inſtead of being thankful for having enjoyed them ſo long. Time however, and the tenderneſs with which the gentleman whom my father had appointed to be my guardian, treated me, alleviated my ſorrow—My friendſhip too for that gentleman's ſon, who was remarkably formed to pleaſe, who was as amiable in my eyes, as he was agreeable, and who profeſſed the ſincereſt eſteem for me, not a little contributed to it's alleviation.

The happineſs which I enjoyed with my young friend was exceſſive, and I thought that nothing could make any addition to it: but while I was planning myſelf on my peculiar felicity, and depending upon its continuance, I was extremely diſappointed; for the moſt eſteemed companion of my heart was obliged to make a voyage to Liſbon, his father's affairs rendering his preſence at that place abſolutely neceſſary.

During his abſence, which affected me greatly, I became acquainted with one of the moſt amiable girls in the world; and ſoon fell ſo deſperately in love with her, that I had no reſt night or day, becauſe I had reaſon to believe that her father would think my fortune too ſmall; and that he would expect a more advantageous match for a girl with her perſon and accompliſhments—Then—then I wiſhed, more ardently wiſhed, that I had been thrown in a way to improve my patrimony, and to make it more worthy of the acceptance of the only woman with whom I could be happy: without whom, indeed, I ſhould be actually wretched.

I had been fortunate enough, as I thought, to find ſeveral opportunities to make my addreſs to the lady; but the dread of being rejected by him, who had alone a right to diſpoſe of her, kept me for a conſiderable time in a ſtate of the moſt racking uncertainty; and I was weak enough to aſſront the memory of my once beloved and reverend parents by accuſing them of having been cruelly inattentive to my future welfare—"Had I been brought up to buſineſs, I might have enabled, perhaps, to offer myſelf to this adorable creature, without fearing a refuſal either from her or her father!"

I was not, indeed, too far advanced in life to ſettle to buſineſs; but love engaged my thoughts ſo much, and forbade me alſo to embark my little all on a precarious bottom, that, inſtead of endeavoring to increaſe my income by induſtry, I abandoned myſelf to deſpair.

Deſpair, at length, drove me to aſk the father of my Maria for his conſent.

I was as I feared I ſhould be, repulſed with a peremptory denial.

This was a finiſhing ſtroke; I could not ſupport it—I murmured at Providence for not having given me the exact ſum I wanted, fretted myſelf ill, and was ſoon pronounced to be in danger.

My guardian and his family, who had ever behaved in the tendereſt manner to me, well knowing the cauſe of my diſorder, informed Maria of my ſituation.

She, who had never been averſe to me, on being acquainted with it, flew to her father and with tears in her eyes, intreated him to let her come and ſee me.

Moved by her ſorrow, he complied with her requeſt; but he was ſo much more affected, at her return, by the account ſhe gave of my indiſpoſition, that he conſented to our union.

Our marriage was to be ſolemnized as ſoon as my health was reſtored; and I believed myſelf to be the happieſt of men.

My wife's fortune was but little, if at all ſuperior to mine. Her parents, however, reckoning upon her perſon and accompliſhments, had higher views for her, and had flattered themſelves that ſhe would be raiſed conſiderably by her external attractions co-operating with her intrinſic merit: they were conſequently, at firſt, rather chagrined to ſee their ſchemes defeated; but finding that ſhe was ſatisfied with her lot, and that I continued extravagantly fond of her, they alſo became more contented.

In a ſhort time after our marriage, her grandfather died, and left her only five thouſand pounds; but, at the ſame time, ordered five thouſand more to be paid on the birth of a ſon; and in caſe of our having only girls to be made over to another branch of the family.

This unkind, this unjuſt procedure, rouzed my ſentiments, and I inſulted the memory of the deceaſed old gentleman with the keeneſt invectives—I ought to have been thankful for his having remembered us at all, as he had a large family, who wanted what he had bequeathed to us more than we did.

We were now perpetually wiſhing, and wiſhing with anxiety, to have a boy, to bring ſo good a legacy home to us; but heaven, juſtly offended, no doubt, at our unreaſonable diſquietude, ſent us only a female, who was to me, in particular very diſguſting merely as a female; and her mother was ſo much diſpleaſed with her ſex as to deny it nouriſhment from her own breaſt. The poor child, though as fine a one as ever was born, was turned out of the houſe at the tendereſt age, not only to partake of the rude accommodations and homely fare of one of the loweſt cottagers, but to run the riſque of imbibing, with the milk of a ſtranger, all the ill-blood and ill-humors with which that ſtranger might be filled.—Thus did we throw away a treaſure, of which we were not capable of eſtimating the value.

My wife, not finding herſelf breeding again, ſoon began to take a fancy to a different ſtile of living—She had hitherto been ſatisfied with privacy, and paid a proper regard to domeſtic œconomy, as we were by no means in ſpendid circumſtances; but her diſappointment ariſing from the birth of her daughter, had made a change in her temper; and the ſociety of ſome gay people of her own ſex, with whom ſhe ſtruck up an acquaintance, at firſt, in order to diſſipate her uneaſineſs, inſpired her with too ſtrong a paſſion for pleaſure—Yet was not my fondneſs in the leaſt abated by her new propenſities.—I ſtill doated on her, and indulged her in the gratification of her heart's every wiſh. Juſt about this time I received a great deal of pleaſure, pleaſure very little expected, from my friend Theodore's return from Liſbon: his arrival gave me the greater delight, as I had flattered myſelf that he would, as a ſincere friend, enjoy by the force of ſympathy, the happineſs which I felt in my lovely Maria's company.

I flew to him, therefore, immediately, and preſented him to my wife with the higheſt encomiums on each other, which, indeed, they both deſerved, and which they both ſoon felt, neither proceeded from the extravagance of love, or the romantic ardour of friendſhip.—Few men were more agreeable than Theodore; few women more amiable than Maria.

I now began almoſt to forget my late diſappointment in the arms of my wife, and in the converſation of my friend, between whom I ſpent all my happy hours—My felicity was, in truth, ſo complete, that I even thought not of the diminution of our fortune.—My felicity, however,—how can we expect permament felicity

here?) was soon interrupted.—My wife fell sick of a fever—In a few days afterwards she was declared to be hastening to her dissolution, and in a few more expired in my arms.

It is impossible to describe the agonies which my soul endured when I beheld the woman whom I had ever loved to distraction stretched out before me a lifeless corpse—I behaved like a mad-man, and, in the height of my frenzy dared, impiously dared, to accuse the Almighty of having given her to me only to make me a thousand times more miserable than I should have been, if I had never known her, by an early separation. I stamped—I tore my hair—I committed innumerable irregularities. When I grew somewhat less disturbed, I sunk into a sullenness which nothing could remove.

Soon after the death of my wife, my friend Theodore was obliged to settle abroad—His departure occasioned new murmurings, new impieties.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

THE usual excuse for duelling, is the preservation of honor---Let us now examine what this honor is, for in all my enquiries I never could find a man of honor able to give me any information concerning what he called honor.

Honor is not religion---for the preservation of it being effected by sending a friend into eternity, weltering in his gore, it is plain that religion must not only be for the time forgotten, but contemned and deserted for ever, as a heap of fables fit only for women and children.

When we examine the false courage which animates a duelist, we find it to be the pride of despair, and an impious and daring contempt of the Supreme Being, which no valiant hero ever yet indulged.

Honor is not humanity---view the bleeding body of a newly killed duelist---in the bloom of years and health---cut off ere he yet knew the value of the life he has lost---view his parents---his frantic father---and speechless mother---view their grey hairs brought with sorrow to an untimely grave. View this---then say in what the humanity of a duelist consists---take humanity from the heart of a man, and tell me what he is.

But some will say, "here is a man who supposes I have affronted him; I have done every thing in my power to persuade him he is mistaken, but he insists on my fighting him; if I refuse, I am branded as a coward, and my companions shun me." Can any thing be more plain than the duty of the challenged in a similar case? It is to reject his challenge, to assure him that when they meet, the challenged will defend himself as against an assassin.

Honor, in the true sense of that word, means character, and this being the definition of philosophers, and men of understanding, I prefer it to the specious, though fashionable explanations of every profligate in the world, whether he wield a sword or a quill. If honor be character, who is it that can hurt that? Is it ourselves, or others? The answer is so obvious, that I need scarcely write it. In few words, we are ourselves the source of our honor or our disgrace, our character or our infamy, and does a man, who calls me booby---who throws a glass in my face in wantonness---who is mean enough to abuse me in a common newspaper---who, unknowingly is witty, concerning a foible I am guilty of---who does not return my salute from not having perceived that I did salute him---does such a man take from my honor, my character? Surely not. In some of the instances, he is an ill-bred man. Does that take from my character? In others, he protects the innocent. Does that take from my character? I repeat it, nothing can affect our honor, or our character, unless what comes from ourselves.

ANECDOTE.

A Sea-captain having made some material blunders in his reckoning, and finding that he could not discover the latitude, walked the deck in great dispondence, wringing his hands, and crying out in a pathetic tone, "Oh! if my dear wife knew where I was." "By ----- (said a surly tar) I would much rather, sir, that you knew yourself."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LINES,

Occasioned by walking in the Church and Grave Yard of Wicase, (Pennsylvania)

THE solemn stillness of this pensive scene,
The rolling river, and the grave-clad green,
The setting sun which sheds its parting beam
With fainter radiance o'er the silver stream;
The humble stones which point the dewy bed
Where peaceful sleep shall bless each aching head.
This gothic pile* whose hospitable door
First woo'd religion to this savage shore,
All, all conspire to sooth the soften'd breast,
And hush each care and earth born wish to rest;
The angry storms which raise life's sea decay,
And each rude wave of passion sinks away,
Less and less swift returns the beating tide,
Till calm at length thought's shifting current glide;
Not one rough breeze o'er the smooth surface blows,
And, heaven reflected, on the bosom glows.
Within this sacred dome and peaceful bower,
Truth and religion gain their native power,
They shew our hopes and fears undeck'd by art,
And pour their full conviction on the heart;
Here pride, ambition, come, they seem to say,
Come look your little vanities away.
Behold the pomp, how vain, the cares how low,
For which you heaven and all its joys forego!
Should e'en success your wildest wish attend,
Here must your glories fade, your triumphs end:
To the lone grave are now those hands consign'd
Which held despotic sway o'er half mankind;
Nay, could you reign the lords of all below,
And universal empire deck your brow,
Yet the untutor'd savage of the wild,
On whom the sun of knowledge never smil'd,
Who yet by nature led, some power adores,
Feels tho unseen, and his kind aid implores,
Faithful to heaven that dictates in his breast,
With kind compassion succours the distress'd,
Pursues the chace amid the gloomy wood,
To bless his little family with food,
And bids his board with homely plenty smile
To cheer the stranger fainting from his toil;
In reason's eye deserves more real fame,
Than all thy deeds, ambition, e'er can claim.
Sweet smiling peace shall glad his hours of rest,
While conscious guilt shall rack thy tortur'd breast.
His soul amid death's pangs shall smile serene,
While murder'd thousands haunt thy dying scene;
The tear of grateful love shall wet his clay,
While curses blast the ground where conquerors lay,
And angels waft him to the realms of light,
While mad ambition sinks to endless night. SYLVIA.

* Wicase was the first place of worship in Pennsylvania.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL each pleasing scene, farewell,
Your haunts no more I wish t' enjoy;
Depriv'd of every good I'll dwell
Where joy cant come, nor pleasures cloy.

Innur'd, alas! to sick'ning grief,
And Sorrow's hand a heavy load,
I'll seek in yonder cot relief,
And there I'll take up my abode.

Without a friend my breast to cheer,
Or in my grief to take a part,
In solitude I shall not fear
To vent the sorrows of my heart.

There will I linger out my days,
With nought to cheer my sorrowing breast,
Till nature, sick with grief, decays,
And seeks in death a mournful rest.

Then, as some stranger passes by,
He'll read my life on yonder tree;
The tear shall glisten in his eye,
And, big with grief, shall drop for-----me.

Adieu each pleasing scene, adieu;
Adieu you smiling verdant plain;
To you, my friends, I bid adieu,
We never more can meet again.

New-York, May 8, 1798. I. A.

IN PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS.

IF we look back into the early ages of the world, we will find Noah more than middling well fuddled with the produce of his new vineyard; but as we never hear of his repeating it a second time, and seeing that all his other actions are far from bespeaking him a good subject of Bacchus, we cannot recommend him for an example. Any man may stumble upon a good action, but it is perseverance alone that merits applause. Encouraged by wine, ancient Lot laid the foundation of two great and populous nations, Moab and the children of Ammon. Alexander the Great had natural ferocity enough, to deal death and destruction through the world, among those he called his enemies; but to wine alone he was indebted for that generous ardor which enabled him to stab and murder his most faithful and affectionate friends. To wine at last he surrendered his pretended immortality, which was nothing more than a particular kind of drunkenness. But we need not search the pages of antiquity for examples to recommend this water of life. The many advantages arising from a full stomach and rocking head, will be evident enough to any who will but make the experiment. Nay, less than experience, observation alone may serve our turn. We can easily discover that words are altogether insufficient to give us an idea of the gladness of the drunkard's heart. His ineffable raptures are either expressed by wry faces, winking eyes, or loud and inarticulate roars. What inward strength of mind, and greatness of soul must he suck from his bottle, when he can wallow in the mire, or perhaps in something fouler, without the least discomposure; can sweetly kiss his mother earth, embrace the filth of the dunghill, or bathe in the loathsome dregs of a common sewer, shall I say without repining, nay, even with complacency and delight! How often do we see him from some internal heart-felt joy, extending his jaws, and bursting into thundering laughter, without any of those exterior causes which generally provoke the sober fool to mirth! But this is not all; drunkenness will also effectually purge away that foolish sympathy, which a person would otherwise feel for human nature in distress; so that if a man find it necessary for the good order of his house, that his wife should be kicked out of doors---or, for the support of his funds, that his neighbor's throat should be cut, and his money transferred into his own chest, a plentiful draught of good West Indian will enable him to perform either the one or the other, with as much bravery and unrelenting fury, as if he had been bred amongst the infernals. And after all this, how little need he regard law, justice, or the worst consequences that can possibly ensue! A plentiful portion of the same liquor, which enabled him to commit this action, will also embolden him undauntedly to encounter the punishment to which it may expose him. And if it should even cost him his life, death is an evil we have all to combat, and perhaps few of us will make our exit like him, with pomp and parade. For your encouragement, ye heroes of the bottle, attend to the issue of this fortunate man. He shall be endowed, as it were, with the spirit of prophecy, and be able to predict the very day and manner of his death. At his last hour he shall be punctually waited upon by the officers of the state, and a numerous train of a lower order. While others are walking on foot, he shall be borne in a vehicle, with a particular badge of honor about his neck; and lastly, he shall swing away his life in airy circles, without a groan, or a sigh, raised from the earth above the gaping and admiring, not to say envying world.

When the soft passion of love, with all its cares and anxieties, takes possession of the aching breast, it reduces the man who is not wise enough to seek consolation from his bowl, to the condition of a fawning spaniel, ready to lick the dust of his mistress's feet, and willing to receive a single kiss, as an eternal obligation.

But the son of Bacchus approaches his fair with a bold front and resolute mein, as if determined to insist on an immediate surrender; disregarding foolish forms and ceremonies, he comes at once to the point, without hesitation or circumlocution. His loud, and consequently persuasive eloquence, aided by the shower of nectar blown from his liquorish mouth, at every emphatical word, together with the fragrance proceeding from his stomach, surcharged with wholesome brandy, cannot fail to soften the most obdurate nymph.

Horace, the great master of lyric poetry among the Latins, has discovered the high value he set upon drunkenness in words to this effect. "What is beyond the power of drunkenness? It discovers the most important secrets, thrusts the coward into battle, and removes the burden of anxiety from the mind." But we are all as sensible of

Horace was, what extraordinary effect it produces in moſt of thoſe cafes. How often do we ſee the drunkard ſo full of bravery, that he will nobly ruſh into the moſt eminent danger, without the leaſt neceſſity? I have known a man, who, when drunk, would ſtrip himſelf as naked as Adam in his innocence, and run headlong into thickets of briars and thorns, to the great admiration of every beholder. What more need I ſay to recommend it? how amiable does this ſect of men always appear! View them in the ſtreets, and you will find them attended by a numerous train of ſhouting applauders. View them in their houſes, and you will find them buſied inſtructing their children in the uſeful ſcience of ſinging lafcivious ſongs; but if words ſhould be wanting, the voice is ſtill kept up, and their melodious notes may fitly be compared to the enchanting voice of the crow or jackdaw, thoſe maſters of harmony among the feathered tribe.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1798.

FATAL RENCONTER.

In conſequence of a publication, which appeared in the Argus of Tueſday laſt, containing ſome remarks on James Jones, Eſq. which were deemed of a diſreſpectful nature, this gentleman demanded of Mr Greenleaf, the publiſher of that paper, the name of the author, who gave up as ſuch Mr Brockholſt Livingſton. A fracas took place on Tueſday evening on the battery, between Mr Jones and Mr Livingſton, in conſequence thereof, thoſe gentlemen met on Wedneſday afternoon at Henbuck, on the Jerſey ſide of the Hudſon; and it is with extreme regret we have to add, that a wound received by Mr Jones in the groin, which opened a main artery, proved in a few minutes fatal.

The deſcent upon England is ſtill the order of the day in France, and great preparations are going forward to inſure its ſucceſs.

The late Diſpatches from our Envoys at Paris, which were communicated to Congreſs on Friday, (laſt week) conſiſt of a letter dated February 7, which enclofed a copy of a memorial to the miniſter of Foreign relations, delivered on the 31ſt January---This memorial is lengthy, and contains a diſcuſſion of all the ſubjects in diſpute between the French government and that of the United States.

In the letter of the 7th February, our Envoys ſay, "We have not yet received any anſwer to this communication, and ſhould no notice be taken of it in a few days, we ſhall apply, in a more explicit manner for our paſſports."

Capt. Davis, arrived at Boſton from London, informs, that March 25, off Ireland, he ſpoke a Britiſh fiſhing veſſel, juſt out of port, the Captain of which ſaid, that news had been received of the capture of the French frigates and forty tranſports on their way from Dunkirk to Breſt, by a Britiſh ſquadron.

The following article is copied from the Cork Herald of March 21, received by the Cheſapeake, Capt. Wendell.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, to a gentleman in this city dated March 19, 1798.

"A veſſel which ſailed yeſterday from Liverpool, and arrived here at three o'clock this day, brought the London papers of laſt Friday, which are later than thoſe by the Packet. They ſtate from authority that the entire Fleet, which was ſailing for Toulon and Breſt, conſiſting of ſeven Frigates and upwards of ſixty ſail of Tranſports, with Proviſions and Stores had been all taken or ſunk, by Sir John B. Warren. As this may not have reached you by the regular courſe of the poſt on Wedneſday, I write this to convey the earlieſt information."

PARIS, March 4.

Magnaud has demanded a paſſage for 600 French thro' Baſle, and threatens in caſe of refuſal to uſe force to obtain it, and to garriſon the place. Berne continues her military operations; all young men of 14 and upwards are put in arms, the peaſants mean to ſupport the government with all their might, and the women aſſiſt at the building of the forts: proviſions are plenty. The force expected to be raiſed in Switzerland will probably amount to 100,000 men.

Yeſterday the Directory ſent a meſſage to both Councils, announcing the following occurrences at Rome; Te Deum was ſung in all the churches, at which 14 Republican cardinals aſſiſted; the Municipality, and the national guard are organized. The Pope left Rome on the 20th of February under eſcort; his arms of ſtate are broken in pieces. Monuments are to be erected to the memory of DUPHOT and BASSEVILLE: an Ambaſſador is ſent to Paris.

FRANKFORT, March 10.

We have news of importance from Baſle (Switzerland). The French and the troops of Berne and Solothurn have had three bloody battles near Niddan, Lengnau and Dotnbach. Moſt of the families of conſequence have left Berne for Luzerne. The Switzers fought courageouſly, but were overcome by the French. At Lengnau, they loſt 8 cannon and had 200 priſoners made, many of whom were officers. In another battle, they loſt upwards of a thouſand men, and ſome hundreds ſprung into the ſea.

According to the news from Raſtadt, it was decided, that the whole of the left bank of the Rhine ſhould be ceded to the French. To day a courier from Reſtadt paſſed through here, on his way to Berlin. The French army remain in the ſame poſition. After Berne was taken by the French, it was thought they would proceed further into the heart of Switzerland, where every thing is very diſmal. The principal mechanics have diſmiſſed their workmen, and fled from their country. Twelve of the moſt reſpectable trading houſes have removed to Offenbach. Citizen Ochs, who has ſo much contributed to the Revolution, has been received at Baſle, on his return from Paris, in a very formal manner, by a large deputation of the citizens.

MORTALITY.

TO die, is landing on ſome ſilent ſhore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempeſts roar---
Ere well we feel the friendly ſtroke, 'tis o'er.

On Monday the 12th of February, at St Peterſburg, STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS, the late unfortunate king of Poland, aged 66 years.

On Sunday morning laſt, in this city, Mr JOSEPH PINTO, an aged and reſpectable citizen.

On Monday evening laſt, after a tedious illneſs, univerſally and juſtly beloved, MATTHEW LASHER, Eſq; eldeſt ſon of Col. John Laſher, Inſpector of the Revenue for the Diſtrict of New-York.

BY order of Richard Harriſon, Eſq. Recorder of the city of New-York. Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of William Buchanan, an inſolvent debtor, that they ſhew cauſe, if any they have, before the ſaid Recorder, at his office in the city of New-York, by the third day of July next, why an aſſignment of the ſaid inſolvent's eſtate ſhould not be made, and he diſcharged according to the directions of the act entitled "An act for giving relief in caſes of inſolvency," paſſed the 21ſt day of March, 1788. Dated this 4th day of May, 1798.

WILLIAM BUCHANAN, Petitioning Creditor.

William L. Roſe, petitioning attorney for Robert Thompſon, Henry Phillips, and George Williams, creditors of the ſaid William Buchanan. 15--6t

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TO TEACHERS.

THE Members of the Aſſociated Teacher's Society are informed, that their Anniverſary Oration will be delivered on Tueſday evening the 15th inſt. in Mr Coon's long room, no. 14, John ſtreet; after which, a collation will be prepared, and thoſe who may wiſh to partake, may obtain tickets of admiſſion by applying to Mr Coon on that evening. The different teachers in this city are invited to attend. By order of the Society,

May 10th. J. FISK, Sec'ry.

TO LET,

A Two ſtory houſe, very convenient for two families, ſituate in Eaſt Rutgers ſtreet, next but one to Mr Akerly's. Enquire at Mrs AMORY's, no. 81, Lumber ſtreet.

KARNS and HAZLET,
WINDSOR CHAIR MAKERS,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and cuſtomers that they have opened a ſhop no. 46 Cliff-Street, where they can be ſupplied with all kinds of Windſor Chairs, Settees, &c. of the neweſt faſhion and beſt taſte, warranted good. Old chairs repaired, painted, and made like new. They likewiſe continue at their old ſhop, no. 93 John-Street Golden-Hill, where they will thankfully receive all orders, and execute them with punctuality and diſpatch. 15 tf,

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COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL Marriage! Hail, thou balm of human woe!
"The nobleſt bleſſing we enjoy below."
An hieroglyphic of the ſtate above,
Where holy angels dwell in mutual love.

MARRIED

On Thurſday evening the 3d inſt. by the Rev. Dr. Foſter, Mr. ISAAC MINARD, to Miſs ELIZABETH CARE, both of this city.

On Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. JACOB SMITH, jun. to Miſs HANNAH M'CURDY, both of this city.

On Thurſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. CHARLES SNOWDEN, to Miſs FRANCES MALCOMB, daughter of the late Gen. William Malcomb, both of this city.

NEW THEATRE.

Mr JEFFERSON's BENEFIT.

THIS EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED
The much admired OPERA, of,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE.

Never performed here, and received in London with univerſal applauſe.

In the courſe of the Piece, the following diſplay of Scenery:

Act 1ſt, a view of the City of Meſſina, the Bay and Mount Ætna---the Old Caſtle.

Act 2d, a Sea proſpect, in the vicinity of Meſſina, with a view of the Light-Houſe.

Act 3d, the Ramparts, with a view of the Harbour Quay, City Gates, &c.

A picturesque view of the Ruins of Antient Magnificence, ſome in preſervation, ſome decayed, &c.

To which will be added, a Muſical Entertainment, called,

THE JUBILEE.
In honor of SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. MELMOTH's BENEFIT.

On Monday Evening will be preſented, (never acted here) the much admired TRAGEDY, of,

THE COUNT OF NARBONNE;
Or, The Caſtle of Ortranto.

Performed with unbounded approbation, upwards of 100 nights, at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

After the Play Mrs. MELMOTH will ſpeak an ADDRESS, written for the occaſion, by Mr. Milns, called, the PORTRAIT PAINTER, in which ſhe will ſketch the following characters, a Beau, Belle, real fine Lady, Miſer, Epicure, ſucceſsful and unſucceſsful Speculator, Jack and Poll, and Mrs. Melmoth.

☞ With Entertainments, as will be expreſſed in the Bills for the evening.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. MILNS.

[Author of the Comet, &c &c.]

On Wedneſday evening will be preſented, (for that night only this ſeaſon) a new COMEDY, in 5 acts, (never performed,) written by Mr. Milns, called,

WIVES PLEASED AND MAIDS HAPPY.

A New Comic ADDRESS,
(Never delivered) to be ſpoken by way of Prologue, by Mrs HALLAM.

A New Comic Epilogue, (firſt time) by Mrs. JOHNSON.

End of the Play, (for that night only)
A NEW PINDARIC ODE,
Written by Mr. Milns, in honor of MELPOMENE.
Will be ſpoken by Mrs. MELMOTH, in the Character of the Tragic Muſe.

After which Mr WILLIAMSON will ſing (for the firſt time,) the New-York Patriotic SONG, called,
THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION,
AND THE PRESIDENT FOR EVER,
Written by Mr. Milns, and adapted by Mr. Hewitt to the joint tunes of
Waſhington's March and Yankee Doodle.

To conclude with a favourite Farce.

☞ Further particulars in the Bills.

COURT of APOLLO.

YANKEE DOODLE,

Sung, on Thurſday evening, at the Theatre, by Mr. HODGKINSON, with great applauſe.

COLUMBIANS all, the preſent hour,
As Brothers ſhould Unite us---
Union at home's the only way,
To make each nation right us.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coaſt,
Yanke Doodle Dandy---
Fear not then nor threat nor boaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

The only way to keep off war,
And guard 'gainſt perſecution,
Is always to be well prepar'd,
With hearts of reſolution.
Yankee Doodle, let's Unite,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
As patriots, ſtill maintain our right,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Great WASHINGTON, who led us on,
And Liberty effected,
Shall ſee we'll die, or elſe be free---
We will not be ſubjected.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy---
Fear not then nor threat nor boaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

A Band of Brothers let us be,
While Wiſdom guides the nation;
And ſtill our dear bought Freedom guard,
In every ſituation.
Yankee Doodle, guard your coaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy---
Fear not then or threat or boaſt,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

May ſoon the wiſh'd for hour arrive,
When PEACE ſhall rule the nations---
And Commerce, free from fetters, prove
Mankind are all relations.
The Yankee Doodle, be divine,
Yankee Doodle Dandy---
Beneath the Fig-tree and the Vine,
Sing Yankee Doodle Dandy.

A CURIOUS PROBLEM, WITH ITS SOLUTION.

SAYS Damon as he gently preſs'd
Fair Indiana to his breaſt
"Can you to me the reaſon give,
That when your ſex a kiſs receive,
They ſometime wipe the ſame away?"
She quick reply'd without delay,
"That may be ſolv'd without much pother---
IT'S PURPOSELY TO HAVE ANOTHER."

LIME.

THE beſt Rhode-Iſland LIME for ſale, at all times, at no. 49 Barclay ſtreet, a red houſe, near the lower end, by the caſk or otherwiſe. A printed direction for the right method of preparing and uſing it in white-waſhing, will be given. As there are others lately commenced the ſame buſineſs, in the ſame ſtreet and vicinity, it would be well not to make a miſtake, as to the right place, for it ought to be known that there is as much difference in this article as in any other. May 5. 14 ſt ¶

REMOVAL.

H. CARITAT'S Circulating Library, formerly No. 93, Pearl-ſtreet, Removed to No. 153, Broadway, nearly oppoſite the Oſwego-Market. 14---tf

SPECIFIC LOTION,

FOR diſeaſes of the ſkin, herpetical affections, and eruptions of the face, and which is ſo prevalent in both ſexes, however malignant in their nature, or of long ſtanding, prepared by CHARLES ANDREWS, Surgeon, late apprentice at St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital, London, and houſe pupil under Mr Blicke for ſix years. Sold by appointment at Meſſrs Tuthill and Co's, Druggiſts, no. 83 Maiden Lane, and at the proprietor's medicinal ſtore, no. 208 Water ſtreet, New-York; and alſo at Mr Robert Stafford's druggiſt, no. 30 Market ſtreet, Philadelphia; in half pint bottles, with printed directions, price one dollar each

This Lotion is approved of by the moſt eminent of the profeſſion, and is now offered to the public as a very valuable acquiſition to medicine, being a certain ſpecific remedy for the great variety of obſtinate and virulent diſeaſes to which mankind are ſubject, under the common denomination of Scorbutic, &c. alſo in every caſe where the patient is afflicted with either Inflammation, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Carbuncles, Black Worms, Inflamatory Ulcers, and a variety of ſymptoms attending an impure and diſeaſed ſtate of the ſkin. This Specific Lotion, beſides being a certain cure for the above, is perfectly ſafe in its uſe, and is not injurious to the tendereſt conſtitution, or the moſt delicate complexion.

Its efficacy ariſes from its poſſeſſing a moderate ſtimulating power, which excites a re-action in the ſtagnated veſſels, relieving obſtructed perſpiration, and by theſe means eradicates the morbid and viſcid matter externally, without producing any other apparent effect, than, on its firſt uſe, cauſing a ſmall degree of heat to be thrown off.

This ſimply, ſpeedily, and effectually, does this Lotion remove every obſtruction, impurity, and diſeaſe of the ſkin, without producing any unpleaſant ſymptom. The manner of applying it, is to have the face, or part affected, waſhed clean with water, and wiped dry with a linen cloth, then, firſt taking care to ſhake the bottle, the part affected is to be moderately waſhed with the Lotion night and morning.

One bottle generally affords the moſt ſurpriſing relief; but the quantity that may be neceſſary to uſe, muſt depend on the violence of the complaint, or the length of time it may have been ſtanding.

New-York, May 5, 1798. 14---tf

Mrs. CHRISTIANA and ELIZABETH HAND,

Mantua, Corſet, and Ladies Riding Habit Makers,

FROM LONDON,

HAVE taken the ſtore, no. 430, Pearl ſtreet, and reſpectfully acquaint the Ladies of New-York and its vecinity, that they make Ladies Riding Habits, Corſets, neweſt Fancy Dreſſes, and Gowns; and take this method to ſolicit their patronage and countenance, not doubting from their long experience and knowledge in the line of their buſineſs, that they will be enabled to merit a ſhare of the favor and ſupport of the public; being determined to exert themſelves to give all poſſible ſatisfaction. 14--5t¶

BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL.

MRS. PIERSON reſpectfully informs her friends and the public, that ſhe has opened a Boarding and Day School at no. 24, Rutgers Street, where ſhe ſolicits their patronage, and aſſures them the ſtricteſt attention will be paid to thoſe young ladies committed to her care.

TERMS.

Engliſh Grammar, Reading, Plain works, and Marking, 3 dollars per quarter. Ditto, with fine Needle works, Writing, Arithmetic, and Geography, 5 dollars per quarter. Board, with the above branches, 150 dols. per ann.

New-York, May 5, 1798. 14--4t¶

W. PALMER,

JAPANNER AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER,

HAS removed from the corner, oppoſite the Federal Hall, to no. 106 Pearl-ſtreet, corner of the Old-ſlip where he continues to carry on the

FANCY CHAIR, AND CORNICE BUSINESS

Has ſome of the neweſt London Patterns, alſo a number of Fancy Chairs upon hand, which he will ſell on the loweſt poſſible terms.

N. B. Gilding, Varniſhing, and Sign Painting executed in the neateſt manner, and ſhorteſt notice. May 27.

FOR SALE,

A ſprightly Negro Wench, 16 years of age; has had the ſmall pox and meaſles; very handy, and fond of children---ſold for no fault. Loweſt price £60. Enquire of the Printer. March 6, 1798. 6--tf.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for ſale at J. Harriſon's Book Store, no. 3 Peck-ſlip

The COUNTRY BUILDER's ASSISTANT.

Fully explaining, the beſt methods for ſtriking regular and

QUIRKED MOULDINGS:

For Drawing and Working the Tuſcan, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian Orders, with their Pedeſtals, Baſes, Capitals and Entablatures.

Architraves for doors, windows and chimneys.

Cornices, Baſes and Surbaſe Mouldings for rooms.

Chimney Pieces, Doors and Saſhes with their mouldings.

The conſtruction of Stairs with their Ramp and Twiſt Rails.

Plan, Elevation and Section of a Meeting-Houſe, with a Pulpit at large.

Plans and Elevations of Houſes, Fence Poſts and Railings.

The beſt method of finding the length and backing of Hip Rafters.

The tracing of Groins, Angle Brackets, Circular Soffits in Circular Walls, &c.

Correctly engraved on thirty-ſeven copperplates, with a printed explanation to each.

BY ASHER BENJAMIN.

D. GREENWOOD, Surgeon Dentiſt,

No. 3 Church-Street, behind St. Paul's Church Yard,

PERFORMS every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums: he tranſplants and grafts natural teeth, likewiſe makes and fixes artificial teeth without the leaſt pain, ſome of which are of a peculiar kind, the enamel being ſo hard as to produce fire when ſtruck with ſteel, and is as beautiful as that upon the human teeth.

Dr. GREENWOOD has a particular way of cleaning the teeth that does not give the leaſt pain, and at the ſame time he gives the teeth a beautiful poliſh and whiteneſs, with directions, which, if followed, will keep them white, ſound, and free from pain during life.

PRICES AS FOLLOWS:

Tranſplants teeth 3 guineas each; grafts natural teeth from 2 to 4 dollars each; artificial teeth from 1 dollar to 2 1-2 each; cleanſes and fixes the teeth from 1 to 3 dollars each perſon.

NB. As there is many a good ſet of teeth neglected and ruined for the want only of proper directions to preſerve them, Dr. GREENWOOD will for the benefit of thoſe who chuſe to apply, give his advice gratis, and at the ſame time point out the cauſe of their decay in ſo plain a manner that a child of ſix years of age may comprehend it, and by that means induce them to remove the millions of creatures which are every moment helping to deſtroy both the teeth and gums. To convince thoſe who may doubt the operator will ſhew thoſe Animalcules as repreſented by the famous George Adams in his Micographia Illuſtrata, &c.

No. 3 Church ſtreet, behind St. Paul's Church Yard.
March 3. 05 8t

BY order of Richard Harriſon, Eſq. Recorder of the City and County of New-York. Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of James Anſon, Gerſhom Anſon, and Thomas Conrey, inſolvent debtors, to ſhew cauſe, if any they have, before the ſaid Recorder, at his office, in the city of New-York, by the fifteenth day of June next, at ten o'clock, why an aſſignment of each of the ſaid inſolvent's eſtates ſhould not be made, and they diſcharged according to the act for giving relief in caſes of inſolvency, paſſed the 21ſt of March, 1788. Dated this 24th of April, 1798.

JAMES ANSON,
GERSHOM ANSON,
THOMAS CONREY } Inſolvents.

Robert Nichols and Abraham Poſt, two of the petitioning creditors

HONEY.

A quantity of American Honey, of the beſt quality, for ſale at No. 263, Broadway, between Warren and Chamber-Streets. 14---tf

WANTED

A young Woman, who can be well recommended, to do the houſe work of a ſmall family---Enquire of the Printer.

TWO ROOMS TO LET,

Ready furniſhed, with or without Board: Likewiſe two or three Gentlemen can be accommodated with Boarding and Lodging in a private family, at no. 252, Water-ſtreet, near Peck-ſlip. April 12. 11---tf.